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Afterwards



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

“Jane! Are you crazy? You’re gonna kill yourself!” Yelled Marcus, holding on to an electricity pole to not be swept away by the wind. His voice was like a squeak of a mouse in a hurricane, but she could still make out the words. Anyways, Jane continued her path away from Marcus, dodging debris, and towards him:

Mr. Edwards.

She could still hear distant shouts and protests. But nothing would change her mind, not after what this man had done. Not after all of this.

Her hair slapped against her face, like several tiny whips. But still, she continued. She turned around one last time towards her friend. “This is his fault! He did this to us! To the world!” She shouted heartlessly.

Marcus shook his head. He didn’t want everything to end like he knew it would. If only she weren’t so stubborn. But he couldn’t change her. So he gave up on trying to convince Jane; He gave up on her. He just stood there, waiting for her.

The wind howled even louder now, a deafening shriek. It sounded like a high pitch whistle.

Jane continued her way, towards the wizard like man. The black hole had formed above her head sucking every thing up like a giant vacuum. Cars. Trees. Debris. Everything.

And then, there was a yell. She now instantly who it was. She turned around. A car had smashed into Marcus. Jane watched the scene unfold. Marcus ran back his way, sliding her hand on a fence. She read the scene. The car had hit a building wall. He was still breathing, but not for long. She ran towards him. She ran down her cheek.

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"Go", he told her. She wouldn't leave him. She pulled at him, trying to save him. More tears blurred her eyes. She found herself sobbing, right there. "I'm not leaving you". She repeated these words, every time he told her to 'go'.

"Just wait, I'll get you out of this, I'll-" she whispered, but he cut her off and shook his head "I love you". He smiled. She forced a smile, an obviously fake one. There was nothing to smile about in this situation. "I love you too".

"You can't die, I won't let you" she whispered into his left ear.

Then, flashlights wavered down the road. Before she knew it, two figures had grabbed her, and picked her up by the arm pits. She screamed and kicked, but they wouldn't release her. She gave up, and let herself be dragged away, but still she sobbed. Marcus was lying there, eyes closed. He was dead. He had to be. Another figure was standing above him.

She didn't even know what was happening. Who were these people? What did they want. She couldn't picture why someone would do this. But she couldn't think straight. The only thing she knew was:

She was now alone.

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